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ents were, the teachers continued to accent the differences between the parents' behavior and what would be expected of the children when they left school. Dinning this into the children's ears for a dozen years or so without further plans for the future, the teachers sent them back to these same parents. Pride of parentage, pride of tribe, pride of language had been either destroyed or so badly weakened and eroded that the young Indian had nothing to step from with confidence.

Instead of seeking to make a place for himself, aiding his parents and tribe by using his training and education, the Carlisle Indian moved into his parents' camp. There, without self-respect and certainly with no hope for betterment lying ahead, he contented himself with living on his meager Grass Money and what lease money his allotment brought in, when and if it was rented.

At that time an agriculture lease brought in only $1.25 per acre, or $200 per year. In addition to the $200, the government required the lessee, as further compensation over the first five-year period, to fence the allotment with a four-wire fence with posts every rod, to break out a certain number of acres of sod for crops, to build a fourteen by twenty-eight box house with a shingle roof, and to dig and wall up a well at least forty feet deep, unless plentiful water was found at a lesser depth. Grass leases brought even less.

Land along the streams had been chosen by the Comanches for their allotments, and this gave them a monopoly on water, wood, and bottomland. Those with land along West Cache and Post Oak creeks also had a fine grade of sand to sell. These 160-acre tracts, one for each man, woman, and child living on a certain date in 1901, were the remnant of the millions of acres these Indians' forefathers had roamed over and ruled for many, many centuries.

No one expected the old ones to change their ways so radically as to try to learn to farm. But it was beyond my boyish understanding why the younger Indians fresh from school, some even with college rating, didn't try farming. Many of them had first class sandy-loam bottomland. They could look around them and see white families making a living on their upland farms, putting out orchards, and even adding a room to their houses now and then.

I discovered in time that a number of the old fellows were really going out of their way to be nice to me, and in lost pup fashion I responded. I thought little of it at the time, and took these friendships in my stride. Maybe I thought of them as my due. It wasn't

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177 But even the cruelest gossip, if rehashed long enough, becomes tiresome, and in due time the vicious-minded turned their talents elsewhere. During the five years I remained in the community, nothing was added to, or subtracted from, the mystery of the Bone-setter.

871 By the time the town started holding races the following summer, [457] Albert was recovered sufficiently to ride his father's horses, and he [541] returned to the Indian boarding school in the fall. When he and Earny returned home at Christmas, Jim brought the two boys to the store to exhibit them in their blue school clothes. Albert had grown, unbelievably. Jim and I put him between us, and he was almost as tall as 541 we were. Earny was rejoicing at his brother's growth. It meant he 302 would now ride his father's horses in the races. The school people allowed Albert to wear his hair long enough to cover his scalp and neck scars, and he was truly a fine-looking young Indian man.

885 The Comanches had a word for him, but I was not to learn it for 884 some time. The word is *Tao-yo-vis-ses*, meaning a fine-looking young man of warrior age. The story is that in camp, after the fall hunt and before the bands went their separate ways to winter quarters, the boys who had become young men would clean and polish their finest [302] horses. Then, with their womenfolks assisting, they would carefully [291] comb and braid their hair, rub oil into their skin until it glistened, don their gaudiest breechclout and moccasins, and ride bareback slowly through the camp, single file.

The camp might well be strung for some miles up and down a creek or stream. The boys were joined by the girls who had reached [302] puberty but were not married. The girls, hair in two long braids, paint- [291] ed and dressed in new buckskin dresses and leggings, were equally proud of their bodies and bearing. The girl's name corresponding to *Tao-yo-vis-ses* is *Nai-vi-se*.

The older Comanches considered this the finest sight in all the world. Everyone came out of the tipis, young and old, warriors and chiefs, and they cried out over and over, "Tao-yo-vis-ses! Nai-vi-se!" There before them was the tribe's future—its chiefs, its war leaders, its warriors, and the bearers of the tribe's men babies. Here were "The People" of tomorrow's tomorrow.

Now Albert Martny, who but for the skill of the unnamed Bone-setter would surely have died, was a handsome young warrior. You may be sure, come the summer Grass-Money time, Albert's womenfolks presented their *Tao-yo-vis-ses* with pride.